



Sons Of Issachar Edition!

A Newsletter for those who understood the times and knew what to do!

Kingdom Life Ministry

Volume 5—Issue 51

October, 2006

“Round 7, Sucker Punched!”

What a fight is has been down at Harrowgate Park! The last few rounds have been lopsided victories as the Lord came through for us time and time again. When we felt we were just hitting air, out of nowhere came the victory. Surprising testimonies from off the streets of those who had gained the victory quieted the raging demons of perversion that would hover around the tent. We felt the sweetness of stinging the enemy time and time again as we went through round's 5 and 6. But just before Round 7 we got blindsided and out of nowhere we got hit from behind, we didn't see it coming and it reeled us for a time. We got sucker punched before we even got into the ring. But before I get ahead of myself let me set the stage for you and put into context the events surrounding that weekend.

As Round 7 approached, Hurricane Ernesto was barreling up the east coast and had come on shore turning into a tropical depression with forecasted winds of 30-50 miles per hour and rainfall estimates of between four to seven inches in the Philadelphia area.

Bill & Getty decided to head on down on Friday just in case this storm would change course and head out to sea. Hurricanes often change course as they all seem to have a mind all their own. Besides they had friends that had driven up from Florida, the Cyphers had flown in from San Diego, the Beh's drove down from up-state New York and George came over the Verrazano Bridge from Long Island, all to come alongside of us. So they felt they should be there to greet our friends and besides there may be a chance that the weather could change. Lois and I would head over in the morning when things lifted.



The storm hit on Friday night but by Saturday morning the sun had broken through the clouds and Bill and Stan Beh headed outside the Hampton Inn by the airport to change a flat tire on the trailer that they had noticed the previous afternoon. Bill threw the tire in the back of Getty's van while Stan went back in to take a shower and Bill took off to get the tire and dented rim fixed.

As Bill drove away from the front doors of the Hampton you could plainly see from the front desk Bill's new one ton truck attached to the 16 foot trailer still up on the jack awaiting Bill's return to put the tire back on. After ten minutes Bill called Getty to let her know where he was and as they talked she walked over to her window in the hotel and looked down into the parking lot and mentioned that she was surprised that Bill was able to drive the truck and trailer to get the tire fixed. Bill exclaimed that he didn't have the truck nor the trailer and for her to go outside to see if it had accidentally rolled down out of sight.

Thus begins the odyssey of the stolen truck and trailer by what the police called, “A professional gang of thieves that steal 50 vehicles from the hotels around the airport each week.” A small item no one told us about. After all it was a respected hotel, in a good neighborhood, in broad daylight and right in front of the front desk.

Immediately Bill called Lois and I and we put it on our prayer list. Prayer warriors around the country began to pray. While this was transpiring the rains began to come in again as Bill and Getty stood outside filing a report with the police that had just arrived because of another vehicle that had been broken into that morning.

A few hours later as Bill and Getty were getting ready to head home they were called by the police and informed that the truck and trailer had been involved in an accident. They headed to the accident scene with the Beh's following to find the trailers fenders severely damaged, as was the hitch. As they looked inside they no-

ticed the \$800.00 generator, \$600.00 worth of groceries that were to be given out, ladders, 5-tables, barbeque grill, \$500.00 worth of ratchets and lights for the tent were all missing but left inside were 130 chairs and the tent! Praise God for that.

Bills truck was still in excellent shape except for the place where they took out the key lock on the door and hotwired it to start it. The one problem was his new top for the bed of the truck was stolen.

After another round of filing reports with the police they waited around three hours in the rain, sitting in a bad part of town till a tow truck could come and haul the trailer back to Harrisburg. We met them around 9:00 p.m. at Bill's house bringing with us some fresh pies Lois had baked to cheer everyone up. The next day we were able to do inventory, take time to pray and to encourage one another.

We all knew it was a cheap shot by the enemy. It was like we were heading for the ring when out of no-where someone hits you in the back of the head. A Sucker Punch! A Cheap Shot! Just what you would expect from someone who has been getting the daylights beat out of him down at Harrowgate Park each time we put the tent up. We may have experienced a minor set back but our plan is to come back swinging and soon.

You need to understand that we had people down at the park waiting for us to show up. When they hear that the Blue and White tent is coming they come from all over to hang around cause as they tell us, "God is in the tent!" Right now we are waiting to see what the insurance companies will do to reimburse us for the losses and as we wait we do not sit idle but are re-supplying all that was lost. In a couple of weeks we will be ready once again.

Each time we have gone to the park we have been short of funds. I do not believe the Lord wants his army to be in need every time. Instead of doing four big meetings at the park next year we feel the Lord is telling us to increase that number. But to do that we need individuals like yourselves that can come alongside of us and support this work on a **monthly** basis. Could it be that what we are a part of could tip the scales sending forth a spiritual revolution that could bring a country to its knees.

Come and 'SOW' into a 'REVOLUTION!'

I do not believe that what we are apart of is any small thing. What we are sowing into is a spiritual revolution! We are building a War Chest so that we can take this revolution from the streets of Philadelphia through the reservations of South Dakota into the very heart of San Francisco and every town in between.

As soon as possible we will be going back to the park to set up the tent as a sign and a wonder to all that come that Jesus is King.

There is a band of men and women that are coming, their strides are sure and their gaze is fixed on the prize set before them. They will not turn neither to the right nor to the left and with their voices they all will sing:

"Worthy is the Lamb, who was slain, to receive power and wealth and wisdom and strength and honor and glory and praise!" Revelation 5:12

JOIN OUR RANKS TODAY — IN HELPING US HELP THEM!

You can come alongside of us physically, financially or both, all we ask is that you listen to your heart and go with what God is saying to you.

Much love and appreciation,



If you would like to **Join Our Ranks TODAY — In Helping Us Help Them!** Then please go to our contribution page or send a check to us at the address on our web-site.

Thanks and God Bless

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